

GATEWAY



JANUARY 1921

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THE GATEWAY



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The Present-Day Trend of University Athletics in Canada.

The time has come when those in charge of University athletics in Canada may well pause to take their bearings, to ascertain, if possible, whither present movements are tending and to conduct some sort of stock-taking. Originally intended as a means of recreation in both senses of the word, the various types of athletics have become something slightly short of a career to their outstanding exponents and something surprisingly time-consuming even to the merest dilettante. It becomes, then, highly important at such a stage as we are now passing through when every process, every institution, every industry is being subjected to the most critical and pitiless scrutiny, that some inquiry should be made into the present state of athletics in order to estimate that state and to commend it, criticize it, or offer such recommendations for change as may be thought of value.

One might well for a moment consider intercollegiate athletics in the United States. In its beginnings, athletics was intended, as mentioned above, as a means of recreation both of mind and body, but more particularly the latter. Such teams as there were played almost altogether in their own neighborhood and competitive athletics between rival colleges was practically unknown. Those engaged in any game were, of the winning or the losing were matters of minor import. The game

itself and the manner in which it was played were the things that counted. It was all very well to tackle one's hereditary enemy with all the careless abandon of an elephant running amuck, provided always that one tackled legitimately. It was quite another matter to slug in the line. One's play might be hard but it must be clean.

With the inception of intercollegiate competition, however, the matter assumed a rather different complexion. Teams and organizations became more and more elaborate, schedules became matters of greater and greater complexity, and the direction of any given athletic enterprise became a business, calling for a skilled manager. In order to be successful, teams must firstly have proper material, must secondly have that material developed by those best qualified to do so, and, thirdly, it became increasingly necessary that they must win a large proportion of their games. Winning spelt, indirectly, financial success and directly glory for all concerned, particularly the person in charge. To assure the presence of the desirable sort of undergraduate it became necessary to offer those worthies inducements of various sorts. Many a talented athlete is no less talented trader. Having been assured of the raw material the man best suited, by experience rather than character, in all the country to develop that material must, perforce, be secured, especially

if his record of successes was good and his salary demands were large. Coaches and trainers open for engagement were more or less rated according to the stipend asked. Then, in order that the whole project might not fall to the ground financially, a winning team became a *sine qua non*. On it depended the club's solvency and on that depended the coach's salary. Small wonder, therefore, that success became the sole criterion. The whole thing made up a vicious circle from which no one part could be spared. To "fool all the people all the time" a perfect cohesion was essential. It is not to be marvelled at that in some institutions these crept in, in time, a certain carelessness as to the manner of winning. The direct outcome of this system is the football player who is out to "get" a man and the extra entrant in the foot-race whose sole function is to flash to the front at the beginning and so lure the opposing star to commence to "let out" too soon. As soon as his purpose has been accomplished he drops out, his day's work done. Then his teammate of greater powers of endurance moves up from behind and easily passes their winded rival. Not a pretty business, at best.

During this period, too, certain changes were taking place with regard to the individual. Broad shoulders or fleetness of foot became the open sesame to halls of higher learning. Having been matriculated for athletic purposes, these collegians naturally made athletic matters the object of their first solicitude. Academic affairs had but an academic interest for them at best. As the passing years called for an increasing degree of specialization there logically became less and less time for study. The end result was that, degree or no degree, these men left college without an education and education after all is the prime function of a University.

One is happy to be able to record, however, that in the end the system defeated itself. Having developed to the stage where it could no longer be supported, financially or morally, the whole structure collapsed with a crash. The "hired hands" and "slave-drivers" were replaced as coaches by, in the main, alumni of the institutions concerned—men who had distinguished themselves in their graduating days. Three bugaboos appeared to the athletes. The first of these was the one-year rule, designed to prevent flitting. The second was the three-year eligibility rule, with regard to term of play at college. The third was the rule with regard to academic standing. Confronted with these, the old "gifted amateurs" either folded their tents like the Arab or else proceeded to get to work. In either case the result was positive. So far this system has worked admirably, though at present the actions of one national training institution are causing considerable comment. The number of football players of proven worth who have been nominated to this school by those whose duty nominations are has been suspiciously large. This, however, is a matter which is easily righted and undoubtedly will be. National institutions, like Caesar's wife, are denied the consolations of inconspicuity.

To return to our own situation. Today several of our Canadian Universities, with their magnificent stadia, their teams with hosts of substitutes, coaches and assistant coaches, their trainers and assistant trainers, their managers and assistant managers, rubbers, water-carriers and assistant water-carriers, are aping our American cousins in a now vanished phase which never deserved emulation. Astounding sums are spent on traveling expenses in order that a sound night's or two night's sleep may be obtained before a "big" game. The taint of the paid coach

is creeping in. Games call more and more largely for a close and unremitting specialization. This close application is reflected in poor scholastic work. The athlete who is also the scholar is becoming the *rara avis* in this country that he was in the United States twenty-five years ago. On the other hand the great mass of students in the average Canadian University take no active interest whatever in athletics. The opportunity of joining the Rooters' Club and of watching their more gifted fellows perform is theirs. Theirs, also, is the chance to "pay the shot" in the form of the now practically universal "universal fee," the blanket charge for all student activities. Apart from this, athletics means but little to about 75 per cent of University men.

Confronted with these conditions, then, given a situation where the potentiality rather than the presence of evil exists, and building, as we always like to remind ourselves that we are for the future, there seem to be a few obvious steps. The first of these would be the satisfaction of strict academic requirements before becoming eligible for a University team. It might be profitable, also, to introduce the one-year eligibility rule to discourage "floaters." By this rule only men who have been at least one full year in attendance are allowed to play on University teams. It would very probably also be found in the interests of sportsmanship to bar the paid coach. The ever-increasing expense accounts could be appreciably reduced by a return to simpler and more economical methods of training and transportation. Its working out should cause but little difficulty and it must be conceded by any fair-minded observer that in many cases a return to a less luxurious regime in sports is overdue. It is in a fair way to becoming a twentieth century charac-money with the scantest of respect.

The second problem, that of athletics for the majority, is much more recalcitrant, in theory at least. There are perhaps two methods of approach. In the first place it might be found expedient to govern athletics from within rather than from without. Instead of any given club being in charge of men perhaps more popular than able and voted upon by all who had enough interest in the matter to attend meetings, each particular activity, as for instance football, might be governed by officials chosen from among the active participants, they only to have votes on the matter. In this way the man with the flair for football but not with the notable physique might feel justified in continuing in the game for pure love of it, strengthened in his resolve by the knowledge that he and his fellows were the governing body of that club. It would make, too, for a morale and an esprit de corps that would give the squad members something more than physical development (and athlete's heart) for their efforts. From the second angle, the powers that be might further the cause of athletics by making the course in physical training of such a dry or a forbidding nature that the student, who loves a happy and not too greatly ordered life, might seek something of a competitive nature as a less horrible alternative! At any rate, mere physical education for the main body of undergraduates is not sufficient. Every man should have at least a bit of that something which only team-play and competitive athletics can give.

In whatever way the solution is eventually found it will probably be by the cultivation of the "scrub" and the "scrub team's" sources of supply the rank and file of the student body. It is a better thing by far to raise the physical standard of the entire student body by ten per cent than to win every possible

championship and if in addition to physical development the average man is given a chance to know something of sport, sportsmen and sportsmanship, the results will be tremendous. The University which first reaches this ideal will indeed build its "house upon a rock." Granting that in all other regards its training is adequate, on the day when it begins to turn out physically fit men who are qualified to "play the game" and to govern not only others but themselves, then will it be beginning to contribute something basic towards the evolution of a better citizenry. Then and then only will the thousand and one apostles of su-

perstructural reform who care not of the foundation on which they build, the faddists and the uplifters by selection become nothing but a troublous memory. Then, too, will that University commence to subserve its true end in a full and proper manner. From the point of view of the undergraduate organizations, those who by some or other device lure their students to athletics and those who compel their athletes first to become students will have solved before it has become acute a problem of no little magnitude and of first-rate importance.

A. L. CALDWELL.

A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE.

What profession? What line of life work?

Though these questions have been disposed of by some college men and women at the outset of their college careers, to many they are still insistent problems as graduation draws near. The students stand at the cross-roads, one signpost pointing to business, the other to the professions.

Never before in the world's history has the road to the professions forked off into so many branches. And one of the latest that has been added to the group is one of the most appealing, both because of the work, itself, and because of the gratification that comes with worth-while achievement. It is the avenue of "community service."

Maeterlinck has said that "it is the way in which hours of freedom are spent that determines, as much as war and labor, the moral worth of a nation." The leisure time is

enormously potent for good or for ill. And it is the purpose of this new movement, Community Service, to bend it to the former. Its aim is to organize the community for play—to give the members, in other words, such direction as will enable them to make the most of those precious leisure hours wherein their spirits may expand and their personalities flourish and grow vigorous.

Thanks to the labor-saving devices, and legislation, the twenty-four hours of each day are generally divided into three equal parts: for labor, for recreation, and for rest. Days gone by provided for the first and for the third, but took no cognizance of the fundamental importance of the second. Today, however, the term recreation is being analyzed back to its essential and literal meaning, and the process itself recognized as indeed an instrument of "re-creation" that cannot be overlooked.

This new understanding, together with the unprecedented conditions under which modern humans live, has created a wide field for specialized workers who will give proper direction to the re-creative activities. It has thus established a new profession for earnest and intelligent men and women anxious for a constructive part in humanity's progress.

Not only have the people of today, taken en masse, more free time, but they have also more money and more temptations and a wider vision which results in more insistent demands on life. They live surrounded by commercialized amusements. Theatres, pool rooms, race tracks, dance halls, baseball games, cabarets, and sundry other places of diversion are run in great numbers with a keen eye to profit, and a hit-or-miss attitude in the matter of their reactions upon their patrons.

All these things are well enough in their way, and within their limits; but (with the exception of the dance hall and the pool room, both often questionable in their moral tone) they provide purely passive forms of recreation, and are therefore not adequate for the full recreational needs of the individual. These needs involve activity as well. A warning has been sounded that the American nation is in danger of becoming a people of "bleacherites," not only as regards the great American game, but also figuratively. The old-time healthy "hike" is being supplanted more and more by artificial means of locomotion. Baseball, itself, which used to exercise the muscles of its great numbers of enthusiasts, now—except for lung exercise and whatever can be had from wildly waving one's arms—confines its exercise value to the eighteen men, who, under thousands of eager eyes compete for victory at the big game parks.

The individual as an alert spectator gains much. But the individual

as a participant gains more. A nation of participators is bound to be a stronger, more vital unit than a nation of lookers-on. The capacity to do is strengthened by doing. Observing is contributory, but performing is the main source of growth.

There is an unique satisfaction in the mere doing of a thing. Most people would prefer to be actors rather than observers, but facilities are not always at hand, and they do not know how to arrange them on their own initiative.

Enter at this point—Community Service. Its task is to clear up the bewilderment and to provide the facilities. Or rather, it directs the community in providing its own facilities. And right in this distinction is the real value of the work. Community Service is not something superimposed upon a community. It is a structure built by the community itself.

What a city manager is to the civic life of a community, the community service director is to the leisure time life of a community. He (or she) is a consultant and an advisor. He has an opportunity to give conciseness and direction to what might be otherwise the fumbling and tentative moves of community members who would bring to bear upon their work more of enthusiasm than of experience.

The director's interests cover the entire field of community recreation. His imagination is confronted with no less a task than helping his multi-mooded constituency to evolve a satisfactory leisure time program to occupy one-third of their life-day hours. And he may sigh for other worlds to conquer when he shall have organized those forces at hand in his community which will translate such plans into realities. His working days are crowded with the details of planning, of promoting and of financing such activities as

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THE LATE RIGHT HONORABLE A. L. SIFTON

VALEDICTORY

Just three years have elapsed since the Right Honorable Arthur L. Sifton relinquished the office of Prime Minister of Alberta to enter a federal union of outstanding figures of the two great Canadian Political parties, a union brought about to more thoroughly effectuate the war aims and ideals of Canada. Leadership of a political party, demanding as it does those qualities that securely hold the confidence of its members, is a heavy trust to relinquish without popular consent, for such action carries with it grave danger to a political career. Mr. Sifton's action at this time seems, however, to harmonize with his action in re-entering the maelstrom of political life, after having attained the Chief Justiceship of Alberta, believing as he did this step to be necessary in the interests of the party to the principles of which he so strongly adhered... Self subservience to public duty was one of Mr. Sifton's prominent characteristics.

Numerous tributes and appreciations have been published since his death, one and all emphasizing his keenly analytical mind and his great force of character, but generally implying rather than expressing an aloofness of personality. Many of his personal friends, however, can testify to the warm-hearted friendship of which he was capable, and which, once given, continued steadfast through life. Far from strong physically since childhood, his activities throughout his life were of necessity mental rather than physical, which created without doubt a certain diffidence in acquiring many intimate friends, the natural tribute to such a leader.

The work which Mr. Sifton was able to accomplish for Canada at the Peace Conference is not widely known to the public, but history will reveal his name stamped indelibly on those momentous proceedings in the interests of the Canada he loved. Hard and unrelenting toil at that time in fact caused the breakdown of his health, from which he never completely recovered.

There are many who regret that his last resting place is not on the Western Prairies he loved and amidst the people for whom he worked so long and faithfully, but whether his tomb is East or West, it is in the hearts of Western Canadians that his memory will be enshrined.

N.L.H.

GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS.

A Message from Sir James Alfred Ewing, President of the University of Edinburgh.

Sir James Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1855, a son of the Manse, and at an early age showed both curiosity and capacity of an unusual kind in scientific study and enquiry. He was educated in the Public and High Schools of his native city, and later proceeded to Edinburgh, where he took the degree of B.Sc. Attracting the attention of Lord Kelvin, he undertook work in connection with ocean telegraphy on the South American Coast, after which he became Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, when only twenty-three. Five years later he was transferred to University College, Dundee, which now forms part of the ancient University of St. Andrews, occupying from 1883 till 1890 its Chair of Engineering. Thence he proceeded in 1890 to the University of Cambridge as Professor of Mechanical Engineering. In 1903, when the British government was reorganizing the system of education of officers for the Royal Navy, Professor Ewing was placed in charge of that work, as Director of Naval Education. Up to the time of the Great War he was a member of various research boards engaged in naval preparations, and when the war had broken out he was employed on enquiries of vast importance for the defense of the Empire. Having been made C.B. in recognition of his work for the Navy, he was made K.C.B. at the time of the coronation of King George V, whose sons received part of their education under his supervision. For his researches in magnetism he has received the Medal of the Royal Society. He is M.A. of Cambridge, and Honorary Fellow of King's College there, LL.D. (Edinburgh and St. Andrew's) and honorary D.Sc. (Durham). The Great War having disclosed the need of progress in scientific education in the universities of Great Britain, Sir Alfred was a few years ago invited to become Principal of the University of Edinburgh, a position which he at present occupies with high distinction. He is the author of a number of brilliant treatises and articles, including a standard work, "The Steam Engine and Other Heat Engines. He is one of the best after-dinner speakers in Great Britain, and his personality is genial and attractive. His vast experience of the world and our Empire and its needs, coupled with his erudition and power of original research, lend a singular importance to the greeting which he has sent to the readers of the GATEWAY.

The University, Edinburgh.

October, 1920.

"I gladly respond to the invitation of the Editor of "The Gateway" that I should send a few words of greeting from the University of Edinburgh to the students of the University of Alberta.

"The University of Edinburgh is proud of its close connection with the great Dominions. It is, in a special sense, an Imperial University: it draws students from all parts of the Empire, and amongst its alumni there are those who now take prominent places in the life of the Dominions. It is very conscious that the War has immensely strengthened links of Empire which were already strong. A year ago it had the privilege of receiving for a time many students from the Dominions who put in a period of study in Edinburgh on their way home from the battlefields of Europe. And quite recently it has instituted the post-graduate degree of Ph.D. mainly in the interests of those who, after graduating in their own University, will come to Edinburgh for further study and research. Under this scheme it is hoped that students will come on to us from Alberta and the other Canadian Universities, enriching us by the addition of a valuable element, bringing to the older Universities of the motherland the fresh outlook of the untrammelled West.

"The War has impoverished us, most of all by extinguishing so many lives of the fairest promise. It has left us weary and restless, facing grave new problems with little of the patience that is needed for their wise solution. The fine impulse of sacrifice, at first prominent and almost universal, has gone, or at least seems to be dormant. But I believe it will revive, and it is to the young men of the Universities that we turn with confidence and hope. On them, more than on any others, lies the responsibility of building a new world. And so the Universities quietly and steadily pursue their task of informing the minds, and above all moulding the characters, of these world builders, taking courage in the thought that the future of civilization rests with the eager and generous youths, who now crowd our class-rooms and our laboratories, as they were never crowded before.

"J. A. EWING,

"Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh."

THE LAKE.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

So, wave-borne evermore toward empty
shores,

Through the eternal night without a stay,
May we not, where the sea of ages roars,
Cast anchor but a day?

O lonely lake, the year at length is done,
And, near to these dear waves she loved
the best,

In solitude, I rest upon this stone
Where thou hast seen her rest.

Thus didst thou roar 'neath the cliff-swal-
lows' home,

Thus on the rocky shores thy great
waves beat,
And thus the rising wind swept up their
foam
At her adored feet.

And one dear even, 'neath a darkening sky
We sailed in quietness—from far along
The lake, the sound of oars, steadily
Dipping its waves of song.

Suddenly something in the air rings clear.
The notes are echoed back like wind-
tossed birds.

The white waves poise, and a far voice
most dear
Lets fall these words:

"O Time, poise in your flight, and Happy
Hours,

Rest on your tireless way,
And let us linger in the roseate bowers
Of this our loveliest day. . . .

"I pray the swift hours' hesitance in
vain,

The moments pass in flight.
I say to darkness, 'Rest awhile.' Again
The hot dawn reddens night.

"Yet love abides. Let us live, passion-
ately.

The sand pours down the glass.
Man is without a port on Time's dim sea;
Day passes, and we pass."

O jealous Time, can moments when love
brings

The wine of life, when memory lies
spurned
Beneath our feet, fly past on such quick
wings

As hours when sorrow burned?

What! May we not keep at least a trace
And must they go for nothing, joys we
earned,

Moments that give them, moments that
efface,
Never to be returned.

O far Eternity, O dark Abyss!

Where is the lone grave of each treasur-
ed day?
Speak; and return each momentary bliss
That you have snatched away.

O lake! Still rocks! Caverns and woods
obscure!

Whom time forgets, or, with green
leaves bedecked,
Swiftly renews—This night retain secure
In fragrant retrospect,

And let it fill your dreams, sing in the
storm,

Live in the beauty of your glad hillside,
In your dark pines, in yon cliff's beetling
form
That towers above the tide.

Let it endure in the soft murmuring sound
Of wind, and where the echoes spurn
the steep,
And where the light of silver stars is
drowned
Within the waters deep.

So that the murmuring wind, the reeds
that sigh,

The soft-wing'd perfume of the air
above,
And all that sees, that breathes, that list-
ens nigh

Shall say, "How great their love!"

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

ON HAVING A GOOD TIME.

This is one topic on which I feel that I can write with some authority, for I have tried out thoroughly and systematically not only all the classic recipes, such as those given by Byron and Omar, but also several hundred of my own devising.

During my army career I had many opportunities to observe how the average men goes about having what he sometimes calls a "bearcat" of a time. His idea of what constitutes a "bearcat" of a time seems to be quite popular even now, in spite of the fact that the fundamental prerequisite for such is somewhat difficult to obtain.

By dint of much experimenting, I have found that it is quite possible to have a really good time in an entirely different way; so, whenever I become "fed up" with indices and functions, I consult my banker, and if I find that my circumstances are such that I can follow my inclinations without undue anxiety, I invariably take someone—preferably, The Girl—to a good show—not a "movie."

After the show I always like to burn a few joss sticks in the nearest temple of the great God, Jazz. Naturally, I take great care to see that my companion is a past master of the terpsichorean art.

Now, to end such an evening properly, one must not go home on the street car. As our charming English cousins put it, "It simply isn't done, you know. A taxi is, of course, the correct thing. One of my friends once told me that going home in a taxi was the best part of the evening's entertainment.

For those who like to have their good times far away from the maddening throng, where taxis are unknown, I suggest a trip to Buffalo Lake.

All you need is a canoe and a sail. Of course, if you intend to stay a few weeks, it isn't a bad idea to take along a few tins of pork and beans and a tent. If you pick the right time of the year, you will find there a rather large summer colony, and it is just possible that you may be able to find someone to occupy the other end of the canoe occasionally. A few cushions and a mandolin complete the setting. I leave the rest to you.

Another very popular way to enjoy a short vacation is open to you if you can obtain a car. I suggest that you choose a rather well known make, which is popularly supposed to be made of tin. It isn't much to look at but it is long in service.

When you are making up your party you will be wise if, in choosing your chauffeur, you avoid the man who admits that he knows "all about cars." He probably does know a little, but a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—as the lady motorist remarked when she recovered consciousness.

Don't worry about where you are going. To have a really good time you must, like Lenine and Trotsky, be without a program. Act on the spur of the moment and you will come out all right—if you have enough money to pay your fines.

Keep to the right side of the road, don't indulge in the pernicious pastime of chasing stray hens into fence corners and above all, never try to

go on both sides of a telegraph pole at the same time. It has never been done and, besides, people will think that you are intoxicated.

After you have been away from home about a week and have found out how utterly insufferable the average small hotel can be, you will forget all about the mud holes, the high cost of gasoline and similar trifles. You will sell your car to the nearest junk dealer and take the next train home. And when your friends ask you how you enjoyed your trip, you will rave about the scenery and wax ecstatic over the hospitality of the natives.

But that evening, when you settle down in your chesterfield with "La Vie Parisienne" you will mentally consign all scenery and all natives to the place where the proverbial snowball never existed, and then you will proceed to forget about the whole affair.

I remember a friend of mine once telling me that it was impossible for him to have a really good time because he was the unfortunate possessor of first class tastes and a third class income. Fortunately, my tastes are simple and my wants are few. I firmly believe that I could have a perfectly gorgeous time if I had only three things: Ten thousand a year, a pearl-gray roadster, and a Boston bull pup.

C.O.T.C.

The revival of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps in the University of Alberta lends particular interest to the following extract from the "Era" (Cornell University) for the year 1868.

"The practical instruction in military tactics will require of all students one hour of drill daily on four or five days of the week.

"The military organization has been made the basis for the assign-

ments of students to quarters in the University Buildings, and for the necessary police of the same, as well as for insuring regularity and good order in the University mess-hall—the cadet officers being charged with certain duties and responsibilities in these matters.

"A tasteful and economical uniform, with appropriate devices, has been adopted and will soon be ready. This will be made the habitual University costume for all students. This is expected to prove a simple and efficient means of insuring personal neatness, of promoting economy by saving expenses incident to variety and changes of fashion, and of furthering the moral theory of the University by placing all students upon a common footing of republican equality admitting of no distinction, except those flowing from collegiate seniority and personal merit.

"General Order, No. 2.

"Section II.—At reveille (the signal for rising), which will be given by the ringing of the University bells at 5 o'clock a.m., during the months of April, May, June, July, August, and September; at half-past 5 o'clock a.m. during the months of March and October; and at 6 o'clock a.m. during the remainder of the year. All cadets will rise, dress, arrange their furniture, beds, etc., and sweep their rooms. Sweeping will be allowed at no other hour during the day. Captains of Companies will inspect each room of their respective companies half an hour after reveille to insure compliance with these regulations, and to see that all cadets are present.

Uniform and Equipments of the Cornell University Cadets

"I. The prescribed Uniform of the Cornell Cadets shall consist of a coat, pantaloons, and forage cap to be worn habitually while at the Uni-

versity. The military vest and overcoat will be optional.

"Section X.—On Sunday morning at Church call, sounded by the bells, the Cadets at each building will be formed into squads, without regard to company organization, and will be marched by the senior officer in each, to their respective places of worship. (Think of it, every Sunday morning!)

"Section XI.—Reports of absences from stated roll calls and inspections, and of other irregularities, which may be made by the captain under this order, will be noted by the adjutant to cadets, who will call at the commandant's office at the next morning hour, and offer explanation.

"The commandant will in person inspect the rooms in both buildings between the hours of breakfast and dinner, and at other times. Rooms will never be locked. Efficient measures will be taken for the security of property. (Even in those days they had their own opinion of the Ithaca police.)

"A perusal of this order (includes all sections) will give some insight into the arrangement of one branch of Cornell University. The advantages of this plan for the government of a large body of students (about sixty) possesses over the ordinary system in colleges are numerous and important; and where, as in this University, there are both dormitories and mess halls, the necessity of this or a very similar plan, if not obvious, is at least very easily demonstrable.

"Under the excellent working of this and other orders, at the calls for meals, the several companies collect in a stated place, and under the directions of their captains, march, in a quiet and orderly manner, without pushing, crowding, or noise, to their regular and proper places. At the tables, the conduct of the students is wholly different from what

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it was in the beginning, and is marked by none of that greedy scrambling which characterized it at first.

"There is no unreasonable noise in the halls or rooms at any hour of the day, and after tattoo there is no outbreak that would wake the lightest sleeper. There is no apprehension of any serious disturbance because it is perfectly well known that any serious disturbance would be immediately suppressed. All are now quiet, orderly, and well-behaved. (Wonder just what they were before these orders!) There are no insulting, disgraceful, practical jokes, so-called, because of the chance to which they belong. (Listen, oh, Freshman!) One college at least in the country does not carry the odium of countenancing and permitting the practice of hazing."—Cornell Era.

LIGHTS IN THE SNOW

Powdery snow falling,
Driven by the whistling wind,
Circles,
Whisks around me
As I plod, plod, plod,
Onward tonight,
Past bleak, storm-swept buildings,
Other men's homes.
Whence bright, heedless lights,
Shine hard and cold
Through the whirling snow wreaths.
The soft settling snow
Is clogging and tangling my steps;
I trudge forward wearily,
Stumbling, alone
On, ever on.

Now I am nearing home.
Quickening my step, eagerly
Briskly,
Kicking aside snowdrifts,
I stride swiftly through them,
On to home, nearer now.
A kindly warm glow
From the welcoming windows
Gilds the feathery snow,
And my own home fire
Blazing, roaring,
Puffs a hot breath on my cheeks.
Shut out the cold night, quick. Ah!
How good is home!

KENNETH SMITH.

WHERE THE PROFITS LEAK.

(D. A. Webster)

"Why should I fix up that mud-hole?" the farmer asked me. "I can always get my wagons through even if I have to use extra horses. It's a money maker for me; last year I made ten dollars pulling automobiles out of that hole. No sir! If those automobile clubs want to have smooth roads let 'em pay for them. Grading and gravelling roads won't put any money in my pocket."

If he had had a leak in his grain tank he would never have doubted the wisdom of mending it. Yet he was content to let his profits dribble away through the expenses of extra horses and the wear and tear on his implements. Meanwhile he was shutting himself away from his neighbors by rough or muddy roads.

Improving roads always brings real cash into the pockets of the farmers, but they don't all see it that way. They can realize what better roads save the motorist, but they think that the improvements only bring them higher taxes. However, the motorist and the farmer are not distinct classes, for statistics show that 74 per cent of the automobile owners in Alberta live outside of centres of 5,000 population. But the gasoline burner and the grain grower have different points of view and so far have not always succeeded in agreeing. The farmer has really more reason to spend his money on road improvement than the automobile clubs, for while they look only for comfort and convenience, he may expect an actual cash return for a cash outlay.

Some kind of road is, of course,

essential. Without some means of transportation it would be madness for a farmer to produce more than he could use himself. There are many places today in Alberta where land is free and where grain would grow, but the farmers aren't flocking to them. Those spots are as yet inaccessible; if I were to break soil there and grow a thousand bushels of wheat it would rot in my granaries. Better to spend my labor setting rabbit snares, for they at least would provide me with food. Without transportation my crop would be useless. And since the cost of hauling my grain to the shipping point must be added to my general cost of producing that crop, the cheaper I can haul it the bigger profit I make. Therefore the better the roads are the more is my crop worth.

Too many of our Alberta farmers are transients: men who buy a section, farm it for two or three years, taking as much as possible from the soil, and then move to newer land. To such farmers a policy that will cheapen hauling in two or three years' time makes a small appeal. But they should remember that when roads are improved lands adjacent to them increase in price. Thus, though they may miss the benefit of quicker markets, they make money each time they sell.

As well as lessening his marketing costs, good roads bring more markets to the farmer. The man that is situated ten miles from Carstairs and fifteen miles from Crossfield, with both roads in the same shape, will take his grain and business to

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Carstairs. But if the Crossfield road is so improved that it is readily easier for him to haul to that town, there he will haul. And he can keep his eye on the two towns and deal in the one that offers him best prices for his grain and charges him lowest for his supplies. The small towns know this and strive to have the leading to its particular elevators better than those of its competitor.

When the threshing is done and the granaries are bulging with wheat the farmer turns to the marketing of his crop. Then up comes the old question again, 'Are the roads in good shape?' If it has been a wet autumn he may have to wait for frost to harden the roads, or if he has finished his threshing just ahead of snow he may have to hold his crop until spring. Or perhaps in a late fall he wants to use his horses for ploughing and then the marketing will have to wait. But will the roads keep good? The shape the roads are in by October depends upon the work he puts on them in the slack days of July. If he has his roads scraped and graded to shed water, instead of being a slave to their whim, he has them at his command. Thus he can watch the markets with the sure knowledge that when prices are best he can haul and sell.

The difference in the cost of hauling over improved roads and over rutty or muddy roads is evident. Besides the wear and tear on wagons, horses and harness, the farmer must figure in the time taken in marketing. He has to pay his men for the trips they take, and feed his horses for the work they do. On a well-graded road a team of horses can pull double the load they would strain at on a rough trail. This cuts in half the cost of his hired help, the wear on his harness and wagons, and the feed for his horses. That means his cost of marketing is just half of what it formerly was, and he has

more time to get back to his fall ploughing. To show how much this hauling to market costs, it has been estimated that it costs less to ship wheat from New York to Liverpool than to haul it ten miles to market.

But apart from the actual cash returns that come from improved highways there is also a very real betterment of social life. Better schools are a direct result of better roads because they permit a single building to supply a larger area. From this larger area more pupils will come and therefore the classes may be graded. One of our problems is to keep the farmers' sons on the farms. Good roads will help in its solution because they will make the home more attractive, they will give the boys a chance of mingling with their neighbors, and even will allow them on week-ends to run down to town for a little excitement.

The roads have a direct influence upon the farmer's social life. He can go to church only when the roads are passable. Many a friendly Sunday afternoon call has been prohibited by muddy or rough roads. Automobiles are nowadays becoming common on farms, but the pleasure of motoring does not lie in bumping over ungraded roads or in being pulled out of mud-holes. If the farmer-motorist expects to enjoy his car he must be prepared to spend money on his roads. However, he will soon save the cost of the road in his repair bill. There is one day in every farmer's life when he will realize fully the need of good roads. When the shadow of death hangs over the farm and he must drive fifteen miles for the doctor he will wish he had smoothed out the roads. Perhaps a sudden rain has soaked the poorly constructed highways until they are impassable. Then the sick ones must depend upon his own rough skill until the mud sees fit to dry. In his fees the doctor will compute the time of the trip, which is in

its turn dependent upon the state of the roads.

The government has taken steps to improve the highways of Alberta and to encourage the municipalities to do more work. The Dominion government has made a grant of \$20,000,000 to supplement the road work of the province on the condition that they provide another \$430,000,000. Alberta's share of this federal grant is \$1,216,715. This money is to be spent on the trunk roads of the province which have been outlined on a map by the highway engineer. The expenditure is to take place over a period of five years and covers construction and improvement but not maintenance. In the Public Highways Act of 1918 Alberta has made a step in the direction of good roads. This divides the highways of the province into three groups: those of provincial importance, those of district importance, and those of purely local importance. Seventy-five per cent of the cost of construction and all the cost of maintenance of the main highways is borne by the Department of Public Works. In district highways the department provides only twenty-five per cent of the cost of construction. The local authorities supply the rest and all the cost of maintenance. All local highway expenses are to be borne by the local authorities. This provides the government with a very feasible plan for the systematic improvement of all provincial roads. The automobile clubs of the various centres have done good work and have raised considerable popular feeling about this problem.

All that now remains is the co-operation of the farmers to push

this work through. It is a significant fact that as soon as the farmers of Ontario came into political power they plunged into the road question. The Alberta farmers are just learning to cooperate and so are just beginning to feel their power. If the twenty-five farmers that haul their grain over a ten-mile stretch would cooperate, see what they could do. This road is only of local interest and under ordinary conditions would be rough, muddy, and full of ruts. During the slack season of one year the farmers could grade the road and put in the necessary culverts. That being done, the maintenance would only be a small effort. Averaging winter months when road work would be needless and spring months when it would be essential, one day a week should keep the road in repair. This means to each of the twenty-five farmers only two days a year. Two days a year and they would have a high grade road to town! Cooperation is surely all-powerful.

The size of our province and the diversity of interests through it make a particular demand for a finished net-work of transportation. Alberta is a loosely knotted bundle of communities. We have our wheat-raising southern Alberta, our mixed-farming central Alberta, and our widespread north. Each of these is in turn subdivided into a myriad of self-centred localities whose interests seldom carry beyond their individual boundaries. What we need to bind these units into a powerful whole that will stand together politically and commercially is lines of transportation and intercourse.

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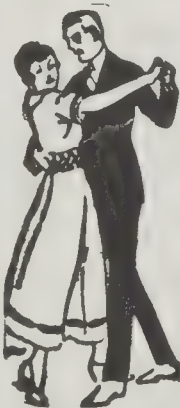
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**ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR
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II. The Tanks

Some two or three weeks before the big German attack in March, I was stationed in the small mining village of Hersin. Although situated at a respectably safe distance behind the actual fighting line, the town was subjected to a daily bombardment from a large and highly objectionable piece of ordnance, which would have proved disastrous to the 4000 inhabitants had it not been for two facts. First of all, the line of fire of this piece of frightfulness was restricted to a belt some 200 yards wide; secondly there was a regular pause of exactly three minutes between arrivals. The result was that the villagers moved out of the danger area en masse, and if occasion necessitated a visit to a friend on the other side, the visitor would sit quietly in a café until Dirty Dick arrived, when he would stroll pleasantly through the disputed ground to reach safety in comfortable time to watch for the next explosion.

One day our diurnal hate had vented its wrath on the shattered and tenantless buildings and I had occasion to visit the railway station, situated just on the edge of the danger zone, to see my staunch friend and ally in various little schemes, the station master. He had served for a year in the French infantry, had the station master, before wounds compelled his return to civilian life, but that did not prevent the rumor current every month in the neighboring villages that he had been dragged out and shot as a spy. That day he told me, in strictest confidence, that a trainload of tanks was to arrive in Hersin soon after nightfall, where they were to be unloaded under cover of darkness. This was interesting news from our point of view, and meant that we would be hard at work all day and all night as well. I hurried away to tell my

friend, a sergeant who was in charge of the area. On my way back I was stopped at least six times by civilian friends, all of whom mysteriously drew me aside, and whispered into my ear that hundreds of tanks were arriving by road and rail, and that a gigantic offensive was planned for the morrow. In a few hours the news was all over the town and any spies within miles must trembled at the thought of the approaching attack.

That night we were passing the station just as the much-heralded train rolled to a stop. We had taken what measures we could and all our small list of suspicious characters were either too drunk or too closely watched to do any harm, even had they been enemy agents. The sergeant was quite satisfied with himself, as I was also, and I was delighted when he stopped and said:

"They say it pays to advertise. Nobody knows or cares if there is an intelligence service or not. Let us go and see the colonel of that tank battalion and tell him we are on the job and have done what we could to help his tanks get away safely."

Right Oh," said I, and up we marched to where the colonel and his adjutant were standing.

The sergeant clicked his heels sharply and came up in a beautiful salute.

"We are on intelligence duty here, sir, and—

"Oh, intelligence men, are you?" broke in the colonel, with the interest which everyone showed in an unknown branch of military activity. "Am I all right here? There's no danger of anything turning up?" (The Tank corps always liked to be considered mystery men—we were kindred spirits).

"Absolutely nothing, sir," returned the gallant sergeant. "We have taken every measure possible. Arrests have been made. Suspects are watched and roads have been patrolled, while my corporal (here I

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sprang smartly to attention. There is nothing like making an impression and although my chum was rather drawing the long bow, it had to be carried off well.

"My corporal and I," he went on, "will—

Whiz-z-z BANG!

Scarcely twenty yards away, a ten-inch shell made a direct hit on the train. Men scattered in every direction; the colonel, with a wild glance towards us, dashed for cover. I felt a sudden impulse to get away from there, nor, nor did we pause until we were a safe distance from the shelled area and the colonel's anger.

Although the shelling continued for over an hour, no more shells came near the station, and it does not seem that the Hun gunners had got wind of the activity there, but I have often wondered what that colonel thinks of the intelligence corps!

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(Continued from page 7)

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